

Sleepyhead by v_writings

Series: [Jonathan's First Time \[2\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Even though 'Ready' is F/M, Other, Role Reversal, the reader in 'Sleepyhead' doesn't have a specific gender

Language: English

Characters: Jonathan Byers

Relationships: Jonathan Byers/Original Female Character(s), Jonathan Byers/Reader

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Summary:

After you had to spend the night at the Byers' because of a heavy rainstorm, you wake up and plan something for you and Jonathan to do together.

Sleepyhead

You can't help but stare at Jonathan while he sleeps. He looks *so peaceful* and *so calm*, all of his worries and troubles just *gone* for the time being. It's not that often that he gets a full night of good sleep—and last night was no exception. The difference was that this time it hadn't been for the usual reasons; it hadn't been because he'd gotten up early to work, or had gone to bed *late* because of work, it was something else entirely— something that, as far as you could tell, he'd enjoyed *a lot*.

You're holding his camera in your hands, prepared to take a picture of him the second he looks at you. You are sure that there is no moment he looks better than now— when his hair is messy and he looks confused and vulnerable— just for you. Suddenly, he stirs and groans, and moves his arm to shield his eyes from the light.

"Is there *anything* in this world more adorable than you when you just woke up?" You ask him from your place on his chair, camera ready. You snap a picture of him quickly as he sits up and looks at you with disheveled hair and sleepy eyes before he groans and buries his face back on his pillow, ignoring your question. You walk back to the bed and straddle his back, kissing him between his shoulder blades. He lets out a small moan and arches his back towards you.

"*You*. But I almost never wake up before you." He finally answers, his voice muffled. You carefully place his camera back on his bedside table before moving to lie down next to him. He turns his head towards you once you're settled, smiling sleepily.

"Hi." You say, pressing a chaste kiss on his lips.

"Hi." He answers, scooting closer to you. You wrap your arms around him and tangle your legs with his.

"I made breakfast for your mom, she left for work already. She said to tell you she loves you and to behave like the nice young man she knows you are." You try *really* hard not to smile at that last part but it's just so difficult, because Jonathan is blushing deep red, no doubt remembering the night before. "Of course, I told her that *yes, you*

were, and said nothing about the fact that her first child, her *baby boy*, gave me his virginity last night.” You whisper the last part, not knowing if Will is still in the house or if he already left to meet his friends.

“[Y/N]!” Jonathan says in some sort of a whisper-scream, blushing furiously. “Does she know you slept in my room?” You smile and shake your head.

“Nope. I was already on the kitchen cooking when she woke up. She asked if I wanted her to call my mom to tell her I was fine and survived last night’s storm, but I said no, that I was probably going home soon anyway.”

“You’re going home?” Jonathan asks, frowning sadly.

“Ha! Of course not. I already called my mom and told her that you and me are going out today. We’re gonna make us something to eat and we’re gonna go to the lake because I don’t know if you noticed but the sun is shining this morning!” You say excitedly and Jonathan looks at his window only to find that it’s true– even though the previous night it had seemed like the rain was never going to stop.

“Okay but can we stay in bed a little longer?” He asks, closing his eyes and snuggling closer to you, burying his face on your neck. He inhales deeply and sighs, content, before kissing your skin softly. You hold him against you, running your fingers through his messy bed hair.

“Yes, we can.” He looks at you with another beautiful sleepy smile and you lean down a little to kiss him. When you pull away, there is a little frown between his eyebrows and you soften it with one finger. “What are you thinking?” You ask, rubbing his back.

“Last night... You enjoyed it, right? Was I good enough?” He asks you in a small, worried voice and you want to hold him tightly *but you are already doing that*, and you want to pull him closer to you *but you are already as close as you can be*, so you just move a strand of hair that is covering his eye very gently, before kissing him in the most meaningful way you possibly can. You practically *feel* him melting into you, surrendering completely like he’d done the previous

night– letting you take care of him, like he deserves.

“You were *perfect*.” You answer without separating your lips from his. Jonathan shudders and you roll on your back, pulling him on top of you. He places himself between your legs, interlocking his fingers with yours before pulling your hands on top of your head, still holding them tightly with his own.

Every time he kisses you it feels like he’s worshipping you, constantly trying to prove he’s worthy of being with you like this.

You can’t help but grin into the kiss because he’s begun rubbing himself into you, and you can feel how hard he already is. He gets aroused *very* quickly– which would *definitely* be a problem if he wasn’t as uncomfortable with public displays of affection as he is, because it only takes one sultry whisper or two fingers caressing his thigh and he’s ready to go.

You don’t mind that he doesn’t even like to hold hands in public because everyone knows you’re dating anyway, and how incredibly needy he gets whenever you two are alone more than makes up for it.

Jonathan begins to moan into the kiss, rubbing himself into you a little harder. You don’t get aroused as quickly as he does, but when he moans like that and *especially* when he whimpers, you feel like you’ve been set on fire. He lets go of your hands and moves his hands underneath you, pulling you close to him before flipping around so you can be on top of him. He’s breathless and you smile at him, bringing him up to a sitting position so you can wrap your legs around his waist.

“I love you.” Jonathan says while you lick his neck and grind your hips against his. You lift your head up again and bite his bottom lip softly. “More than anything.” He finishes, looking deeply into your eyes.

“I love you too, Jonathan.” You respond sincerely, wrapping your arms around his neck while he grabs your hips, pressing you against his hardness. “Do you have a condom?” You ask, and the way his face turns into an expression of pure dismay would’ve been funny if you weren’t aroused as hell and as equally affected by the misfortune of

the situation as he is.

“Fuck.” Jonathan curses angrily, falling back against the mattress. You climb off his lap, throwing yourself next to him, arms crossed in obvious frustration.

You would *definitely* find a way to get condoms before going the lake, *no matter what it took*.